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JOHN BENJAMIN MURPHY, A. M., M. D.
LAETARE MEDALLIST, 1902.

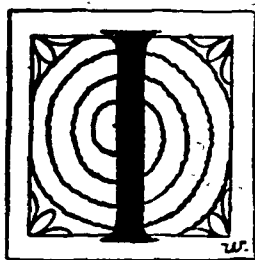
Strength.

CHARLES A. GORMAN, 1903.

ON yon high mount a castle sits; behold!
 Such is the greatness of its massive walls,
 And such the grandeur of its spacious halls,
 As ne'er was seen in kingly days of old.
 And dome and towers are glistening gold,
 And at its golden gate an angel calls
 A youth, who, striving upward, ever falls;
 And each false step is agony untold.

Could he that steep and craggy mount ascend;
 Oh God! could he but gain that wished-for height,
 And rest within those harboring gates enclosed,
 Ne'er more through life's vast labyrinth to wend
 A vacillating way, nor feel the blight
 Of weakness that had erstwhile been imposed.

The Lætare Medallist.



It is now nineteen years since Dr. John Gilmary Shea, the eminent historian of the American Church, became the recipient of the first Lætare Medal conferred by the University of Notre Dame upon those American laymen and women who have become distinguished for the part they have taken in the service of religion, the common weal, art, education or science. As its name might indicate, the medal is conferred on Lætare Sunday, the fourth Sunday in Lent. Year after year, as the appointed time comes around, the Trustees of the University are called upon to make a selection from among those whose lives have made them worthy to be looked upon with such favour. The following is the order which has been observed in the choice of those who have already received this mark of recognition:

In 1883 Dr. John Gilmary Shea was the medallist, as stated above; in 1884 the honour was conferred upon Patrick Keeley, the Catholic architect, who devoted his life to the construction of magnificent temples of worship; in 1885 a woman was selected, the late Eliza Allen Starr, poet and artist; in 1886 General John Newton became a member of this distinguished company; in 1887 the person to whom the medal was tendered declined the proffered honour for reasons of humility, and desired that his name should not be given to

the public; in 1888 an editor was chosen, Commendatore P. V. Hickey; in 1889 an eminent novelist, Mrs. Anna Hanson Dorsey, was added to the list; in 1890 Hon. William J. Onahan became the medallist. Following these in regular succession are to be mentioned the names of Daniel Dougherty, Dr. Henry F. Brownson, Patrick Donahue, Augustin Daly, Mrs. Anna T. Sadlier, General Rosecrans, Dr. Thomas Addis Emmet, Hon. Timothy Howard, Mary Gwendolen Caldwell, John A. Creighton, and Hon. W. Bourke Cockran.

This year the honour goes to Chicago for the third time in the history of the medal. It is worthy of note also that in selecting Dr. John B. Murphy on this occasion, the Trustees of the University turn for the second time to the medical profession in their desire to pay tribute to the eminent men and women whose labours beyond the railing of the sanctuary redound to the glory of the Catholic Church in America.

Dr. John Benjamin Murphy of Chicago was born December 21st, 1857, in Appleton, Wisconsin. He received his early education in the public schools of that city, and graduated from the high school in 1876. He took up the study of medicine under his preceptor, Dr. John R. Reilly, of Appleton, Wisconsin. He entered Rush Medical College and graduated from that institution in 1879. He was the successful candidate from that college for the interneship in Cook County Hospital, and began his service there February 1st, 1879. His service terminated October 1st, 1880. He then became an associate in practice of Dr. Edward W. Lee, one of the then attending surgeons of the hospital, which association continued for a period of ten years. In September, 1882, he went to Europe to pursue his studies in the great hospitals of the various European cities, namely, Vienna, Heidelberg, Munich, Berlin and London, returning in April, 1884. Since that time he has practised medicine, and latterly exclusively surgery, in Chicago. He is Professor of Clinical Surgery in the Medical School of the Northwestern University (Chicago Medical College); Professor of Surgery in the Chicago Clinical School and in the Postgraduate Medical School and Hospital of Chicago. He is attending surgeon to Cook County Hospital, which position he has held for sixteen years; Consulting Surgeon to the Alexian Brothers' Hospital; Attending Surgeon to the West Side Hospital; Chief Surgeon to Mercy Hospital; Consulting Sur-

geon to St. Joseph's Hospital and the Hospital for Crippled Children.

He is a member of the American Medical Association, the American Association of Obstetricians and Gynecologists, a member of the International Congresses of Rome and Moscow, a life member of the Deutsche Gesellschaft für Chirurgie, a member of the Surgical Society of Paris, a Fellow of the Academy of Medicine of Chicago, and of the Chicago Surgical Society.

Dr. Murphy's professional writings are, as one might suppose, the natural result of wide experience, deep research, and a Christian disposition which prompts the man of science to spread abroad the fruits of his knowledge. In his practice of surgery, Dr. Murphy is highly gifted with that excellent quality of mind which carries probabilities through to correct conclusions, a gift which is most valuable in view of the fact that medicine must always remain an inexact science. Characterized by this quality of mind and also by restless energy and a remarkable degree of promptness with which execution follows upon conception, he has attained in his profession a position of prominence to which he is justly entitled. His wife, who, until his marriage in 1885, was Miss Nettie Plamondon, is, in a measure, the sharer in his exceptional success.

The Elopement.

FRANCIS J. BARRY, 1903.

The April moon was in the sky, and a breath of wind was playing with the soft wreaths of clouds that seemed to interlace themselves with the stars. Frank Baldwin walked slowly along the road. His head was bent forward, and he stopped every now and then to reason out some matter with himself.

"I don't care," he said at last. "I have done with her. I don't think we ever could agree, anyway; and Nora—but I must not speak ill of her. I know I liked her once. Yes, and I'd swear she liked me too."

"The winter nights when I used to take her home! I wonder does she forget how close she used to nestle to me when the hailstones swept across the hills. Those were happy moments, when I used to give my opinions, and Nora approved every one—but I shall try to forget her. There's Jennie Welsh, she'll be glad to see me any time. I can

not see though, how Nora and I fell out."

Poor Frank! He had been to see Nora Daly, and when she refused to go to the dance with him Thursday evening, because it was Lent, he told her a great many things about assumed piety and mild hypocrisy. Nora thought he was jesting at first, but when he persisted, her temper rose, and she told him his visits were not courted; that he might spend his evenings elsewhere.

"And if you think that will hurt me," he said, rudely, "you're mistaken; for Jennie Welsh will be only too glad to have me take her to the dance. I'll say good-night!"

Thursday evening arrived, and though the season was Lent, the dance hall was well filled. The girls were pretty, sprightly and jovial, the men good-natured and generous, the arrangements faultless.

Frank Baldwin created a good deal of surprise by appearing with Jennie Welsh. Everyone thought Nora Daly would be his partner, but none dared ask him any questions, for in spite of his slavish attentions to Jennie, a frown mantled his brow, and threw a disagreeable shadow over his usually frank and careless face. But a still greater surprise greeted the company when Tom Doran arrived with Nora Daly leaning on his arm.

Frank Baldwin turned deep crimson at the sight, but assumed his natural appearance instantly. He felt chagrined toward Nora, but was resolved that she should see no sign of his discomfiture. He became more and more attentive to Jennie Welsh, and in a short time there were whispers behind fans, and secret gestures indicating the "sweet" pair.

Nora sat silently by her partner for a long time, watching Frank Baldwin from under her eyelashes. Suddenly she became vivacious, and teased and played with Tom Doran in her accustomed way. Tom was in an ecstacy. The long dream of his life was assuming reality.

He was not a handsome man. His thin lips and gray eyes betokened more the man of the office and mart than the ball-room lover. Even in his sudden outpourings of love there was a touch of the material. He told Nora of all the long years he had watched her in silence, and how she had never deigned to look in his direction. He told her of all the riches he had, and he pictured for her his greatness, when in a few years the world would be bowing to his wealth.

Nora listened to all this not without some

pain, for Tom's mercenary nature was always repulsive to her. How different the words Frank Baldwin spoke when they walked home together on that winter's night! When they spoke of domestic affairs, Frank said that his ideal home was a bright, cheery hearth, with a crackling log firing its artillery at the crickets chirping in the corner; the happy, beaming face of a contented wife, seated near a good-natured husband, completed for him what he regarded the nearest approach to paradise that man could reach. And Nora agreed with him in every detail, and said so while she pressed the strong hand that held hers. Was this simple picture to be destroyed? those air-castles she had built all to fall to earth?

Yes, she had decided. She knew she loved Frank, and would love him forever, but she was proud, and she resolved to punish him even at the cost of a deep wound to herself. So when Tom Doran prosaically asked her to marry him she boldly answered, "Yes."

"And," she said, "we shall elope. Let us have at least some romance in our marriage."

She little cared for romance, but she wanted to show the world and Frank Baldwin that nobody forced her to the step she was taking. A night was appointed for the elopement, the Saturday after Lent. The priest would marry them no sooner. They were to meet on horse-back under the Lover's Thorn where elopers in that locality for centuries past had met. Thence they were to speed in all haste to the priest's house, so as to be there just as the midnight bell ushered in the octave of Easter.

No sooner had these plans been completed than Carol Driscoll, who had been prating flatteries to a sentimental lass while he listened, rose and called Frank Baldwin aside.

"What's the matter, Frank?" he asked. "Are you going to let that cold-blooded beast, Doran, win your girl from you? Just say the word and I'll shoot him before he reaches home."

"Oh, never mind, Carol," Frank answered, and continued in a louder voice looking toward Jennie Welsh and smiling, "Jennie'll wonder what all this bluster is about."

"Oh, a plague on Jennie! Why, Frank, that Nora is worth an island full of Jennies. I tell you something has to be done. Just a ball in the leg to—"

"Well, what has Tom done?"

"Done! It's all arranged. The elopement

fixed for the Saturday after Easter. I heard—"

"What! Nora?"

"To be sure. Let me break that monster's leg."

Frank struggled with himself for an instant then resumed more calmly:

"Let him alone; he deserves her. I shall marry Jennie."

"Well, if you aren't a queer—you know you love Nora Daly, and won't tell me what's the matter. Remember what I said: you have only to speak and that fellow is put out of the way. Good-night!"

Frank went back to Jennie as natural looking and composed as if nothing had happened. He began a declaration of love, and in a few trite phrases told her of "the love that fired his bosom," and asked her to marry him. He knew she would accept him.

In order to spite Nora Daly an elopement was planned. The Lover's Thorn was of course to be the trysting place.

"When will it be?" Jennie sweetly asked.

"Well, the priest won't marry us before Lent is over. What do you think of the Saturday night after Easter?"

The Saturday night came. The weather had changed. Darkness, wind, and hailstones lent their terrors to the night. A horseman galloped swiftly along the road and halted at the Lover's Thorn. In a few moments another horse mounted by a lady came from the opposite direction. Then both set out eastward, the man in front, the woman about seven yards in the rear.

Not a word was spoken except a salutation which the wind rendered inaudible. Frank Baldwin was the horseman, and he reflected as he took the lead that only a short term of liberty remained for him and that he would spend that time with the only friend he now possessed, himself.

They soon reached the priest's house, and a few sharp knocks on the door from Frank's riding whip roused the housekeeper who admitted them and went off to get a light.

She came back presently, and, to his delight and surprise, Frank saw not Jennie Welsh but the storm-beaten face of Nora Daly. He shocked the housekeeper by giving his sweetheart a hearty embrace, and planting a lusty kiss on the lips that had been made blue by the cold.

Explanations, without regrets, followed, and the priest was aroused to give his benediction to this mistake.

Varsity Verse.

STORM AND CALM.

WILD winds that grow to fury scourge and lash
 The threatening sea that echoes back their cries,
 While tattered surges in quick anger rise
 Toward darkened skies torn by the lightning's flash.
 When lo! there comes a lull to storm and crash;
 The watery waste grows still, and sombre skies
 Are rent in twain to show a star that lies
 On azure ground above earth's warring clash.
 'Tis thus when passions shake my inmost soul,
 Or storm-clouds lower thick above my head,
 And hope and joy give place to rank dismay,
 That in the darkness lying 'bout the goal
 A star-lit rift is seen whence light is shed,
 That guides my feet once more into the way.
 E. E. W.

TRIOLETS.

Sweet days of dreamy youth,
 Which long have fled from me;
 They seem the only truth,—
 Sweet days of dreamy youth,—
 For, love, thou then wast sooth,
 And life was a sun-kissed sea;
 Sweet days of dreamy youth,
 Which long have fled from me.

In Venice, storied and old,
 I saw an ancient gondola.
 How many a Lorenzo bold,
 In Venice, storied and old,
 Have in it their sweet tale told
 To a listening, love-lorn Jessica.
 In Venice, storied and old,
 I saw an ancient gondola.

R. J. S.

ACTION AND REACTION.

He married her for money,
 She married for a name;
 At first he called her "honey"
 And she styled him the same.

But both by-products turned out bad,—
 She had a fake account,
 His name proved Smith, and so she had
 A fake, too, for a Count.

C. L. O'D.

THE MISSISSIPPI.

Akin to time—one long, continuous race;—
 Through craggy bluffs your wrangling waters flow
 Re-echoing o'er and o'er the red man's woe,
 Carrying your waves to ocean's boundless space.
 I see again the once familiar place
 Where oft I watched the boats glide to and fro,
 And saw your sparkling eddies rise and glow
 As if a nymph revealed her mystic face.
 How oft I've stood above your current's sweep
 And watched the glimmering stars shine in your
 bed;
 How oft I've heard the thrush's melodies
 Come o'er your wave from out the wooded steep;
 And oft times now, when dreary day has sped,
 In dreams I hear your gushing symphonies.
 N. R. F.

Heroes of Fiction.

JOSEPH L. TOOHEY, 1902.

Heroism has been defined as genius in action. We admire everything that exhibits human nature in its exalted aspects. Our hearts beat in sympathy with the great thoughts and actions of illustrious characters. The deeds of the battlefield and forum appeal to us; but they become tiresome at times and we resort to fiction for refreshment.

The world's great heroes have always been judged by the characteristics and customs of their own countrymen. It is often as hard to transpose a hero as to translate a poem. A warrior of ancient Greece would look out of place on a modern battle-ship. This is as true of the hero of fiction as it is of the hero of fact. For the hero of fiction is as often the product of his environment as the real historical hero. Yet there is something that remains the same in the hero wherever he is found. He is the same in heart to-day as he was in the time of Homer. All men respect and admire honesty, truth and valour wherever they are found, and attribute these qualities to their heroes in some respect.

In ancient literatures the gods and kings had a monopoly of heroism. They alone could perform the extraordinary deeds that public opinion ascribed to the hero. The Greek and Latin heroes were demigods, kings and princes.

To do justice to these heroes we must thoroughly understand Greek mythology, and the manners and customs of the times. In short, we must "put ourselves into their places" and judge from their point of view; for should we judge Achilles according to our times and standards we would call him a South Sea Islander. Ulysses in a mediæval poem or modern romance would play the part of the villain instead of the hero.

The mediæval heroes were usually valiant knights, noted for their chivalric deeds of honour. Mediæval fiction is usually a story of some knight who after a hard fight against great odds wins a coveted prize, usually a young lady in marriage. Here, as in ancient times, the writer of fiction relates the wonderful and almost improbable deeds that the hero accomplishes. The deeds of the hero of antiquity seem more probable because he always has some god or goddess to pull him out of his difficulties.

The best writers of English fiction have chosen their chief characters from the higher walks in life. Nearly all the important characters in Shakspeare's plays are kings, princes and other members of royal families. The same course was followed by Scott and Thackeray to a certain extent. Thackeray gives us a good idea of the higher society of England in the time of which he wrote. So complete in detail and so impressive is Thackeray's portraiture of English society that a complete social history could be constructed from his novels. His hero is a chivalrous, brave generous fellow. Thackeray's heroes do not always win the coveted prize, and many of his novels do not end happily.

In later years another style of hero has arisen in England and France. The poor country boy comes to Paris or London, wins fame and honour against great odds, overcomes great obstacles and finally marries a princess.

Another hero that has attracted some attention in modern fiction is the one styled by Rousseau, "The grand and virtuous criminal." Bulwer Lytton gives us good examples of this type, in "Paul Clifford" and "Eugene Aram." This hero is always surrounded by a corrupt society which he can not avoid. All roads for honourable occupation are closed to him. He must necessarily make highway robbery honourable. He is always portrayed as valiant, courageous and honourable.

In Count Tolstoi's "Resurrection" there appears a type of hero odd and unique. Prince Ivanovitch Nekhludoff, the hero of this novel, labours to introduce socialistic principle for the betterment of society. He may be called a problematic character.

No better proof can be given of American singularity and distinctness as a nation than the fact that there is constantly growing up in this country a characteristic literature, one that is thoroughly permeated with an American atmosphere entirely distinct from that of our English cousins.

The type of hero that is gaining in the American novel is in strict correspondence with the national character. We no longer look to demigods, kings and princes, or even gentlemen of leisure, for heroic deeds. Our heroes have other duties besides making love and dodging their tailors. We have only a few persons in this country who think it an honour to gratuitously support a profligate royalty. The novelist that chooses an American subject must look for the American where

he is to be found, in Congress, in the office, in politics, or in some other occupation. It is no longer necessary for our hero to win the Derby or fight a duel. The statesman, politician, editor; the professional man, and even the merchant and farmer, enter into the place formerly occupied by the demigod, king, chieftain and gentleman of leisure. The dress no longer proclaims the man unless it is the proper male apparel.

The best novelist that writes on American subjects at the present time is probably Mr. Howells. He has given us a distinct type of the American character in "The Rise of Silas Lapham." Other American writers have treated this character, but produced nothing of much worth. Mr James has done some good work in this line, but he is not so well acquainted with his own country as he is with England. Surely if Carlyle were living now he would not say: "Bray to me not yet of our American cousins. Their quality of cotton, dollars, industry and resources I believe to be almost unspeakable; but I can by no means worship the like of these. What great human soul, what great thought, what noble thing that one could worship or loyally admire has been produced there?"

Yet in all the types of heroes that we have mentioned there is something in common. He is selected from a certain class and depicted to a certain extent according to the spirit of his nation and time. But the great heroes of fiction are not circumscribed by time and place, nor are they the products of their environments. They rise above their surroundings and last for all time.

It is the same in fiction as in actual life: the outward appearances of the hero are in keeping with his surroundings. The hero that has the human element and is drawn according to human nature and that is a distinct character and not one of a class of persons; the character of fiction that is a reality, that you know personally, will always live in the imagination of all. Shakspeare's heroes are individuals that we can know better than our most intimate acquaintances. The fundamental ideas of truth, goodness, valour and virtue are instinctive in the human heart, and men will always appreciate and admire characters that possess these qualities whether they are clothed in the chiton of the ancient Greek, the toga of the Roman citizen, the chivalric armour of the mediæval knight, the royal purple, or the dress of the modern gentleman.

The Montana Train-Robbery.

THOMAS LYONS.

"Remarkable coincidence," said the doctor with a puzzled air, "but it surely means something. At any rate, it is worth looking into."

"If you would be kind enough to enlighten me," I said. But he interrupted, saying, as he threw down his paper:

"My dear John, you know how excellent the chicken-hunting in Montana is. My cousin Charles, who is vice-president of a railroad out that way, wants us to spend a week hunting with him; what do you say?"

"I say, let's go."

"Very well, then, we start at six-fifteen this evening. Be at the Northwestern station at that time." Then he walked out muttering to himself, "Sixty thousand. Interest on one million payable semi-annually. Six per centum, I presume."

I paid no attention to him, but I felt quite sure that it was larger game than prairie-chicken he was going to hunt. I eagerly scanned the newspaper he had thrown down, and, as I expected, found that a crime had been committed in Montana.

In bold, glaring head-lines, the morning paper announced that the Northwestern fast mail had been held up in Montana between Fairfax and Waterloo, and that two registered packages containing sixty thousand dollars had been taken from the mail-sacks. The money belonged to the post-office department, and was on its way to Helena, Montana.

The mail-car had been broken into, the mail-clerk overpowered, and the money taken. Two men had done the deed; moreover, they had been captured, identified by the mail-clerk and had admitted their guilt.

I began to wonder why my friend's services were wanted. The closing sentences of the newspaper article enlightened me. It said: "One of the registered packages has been recovered; but the robbers obstinately refuse to make any statement about the other, which also contains thirty thousand dollars, and it is doubtful if it will ever be recovered. The detectives can find no clue and have given up the case in despair."

So it is thirty thousand dollars that the vice-president has invited us to hunt, I thought, and I was about to throw the paper

down, when I saw that a small space the width of a column and an inch in length had been cut from it. My curiosity was so much aroused that I went out and bought another paper. Imagine my disappointment at finding that this was what the missing article contained: "Old Brokerage House about to go Under."

"St. Paul, Minn., Oct. 21:—The firm of Fisbee, Williams & Co., brokers of the city, is about to go to the wall. They will be forced to assign within ten days unless they can renew their loan of a million dollars. Their creditors refuse to renew the loan unless the semi-annual interest, which is due in one week, is paid. On account of the stringency of the money-market, it is almost impossible for them to raise the required sum."

Rather disgusted, I at once made the necessary preparations for our journey, and at six-fifteen I was at the station. The vice-president and the doctor were there, and after he had introduced me to his cousin, the doctor said:

"Of course, you know from the paper that our chicken-hunting is to be varied by a small treasure hunt."

"Which only makes our trip the more enjoyable," said the vice-president, as we entered his private car. In a minute we were speeding westward. About midnight we retired, and when we awoke the next morning we were in Fairfax, Montana. After we had breakfasted, the vice-president said:

"Well, doctor, we are very anxious to recover that money, not only for the sake of the money itself, but for the sake of our reputation. I wish you would set about it immediately. What will be your first step in the matter?"

"I haven't decided yet," replied the doctor, "but to-day I am going to hunt chickens."

Vainly the railroad man and I pointed out to him the danger of the delay. He would hunt chickens, come what might, so we made the best of it, and went hunting with him. The weather was perfect for hunting, the dogs were well trained and our marksmanship was good. We brought back twenty chickens.

That evening the conversation drifted to the subject of the robbery and incidentally the mail clerk, Robert Simmons. The vice-president grew quite eloquent in his praise of the young man. He said:

"Mr. Simmons is not only a competent mail clerk, but an exemplary young man. It was through my influence that he got the

position. His uncle, Mr. Williams, is a rich broker in St. Paul, and Rob does not have to work for his living, but does so through choice.

"Very true," observed the doctor, "is he married?"

"No, but he intends to be soon. He is engaged to a young woman in St. Paul, one of the clerks in the money-order department of the post-office there, I believe."

"You seem to take quite an interest in this young pair," said the doctor. I should like to meet them some time."

"By all means," replied the vice-president, "some Sunday,—for that is the only day Rob can be home. And, say, I do hope you will start in to recover that money soon."

"To-morrow, to-morrow," said the doctor, and we retired.

The next morning the doctor said:

"Well, John, we'll begin by going over to the jail. The two robbers surely can tell us something of interest."

We walked a short distance in silence; then I said, it's too bad we can't find the money as easily as we found the chickens."

"It was a much simpler thing," replied the doctor—"I mean to find the money."

"You seem to be quite humorously inclined this morning," I said.

"I was never more serious in my life. I know where the money is, and I shall turn it over to the vice-president inside of twenty-four hours. I am going over there to the jail merely to have my opinion confirmed, and to keep my cousin from worrying to death. Well, here is the jail."

We were immediately conducted to the prisoners. When I saw them, however, I thought that our errand was a useless one. As we approached, one of them frowned menacingly and shook the door of his cage like a wild animal. The doctor drew out his cigar case.

"Permit me," he said, offering each of the prisoners a cigar. The change in their countenances was wonderful.

"Boys," he said, "I came here merely to ask you a small favour."

"Go ahead," they both answered.

"Well," he continued, "I want to demonstrate to my friend (pointing to me), who is the editor of the *Minneapolis Herald* that his paper was wrong in its account of this affair. It stated that half of the money that you fellows took is gold coin and the other half

hundred-dollar bills. I claim that half of it is in bills of all denominations. Which one of us is right?"

The robbers exchanged glances, and then one of them replied, hesitatingly:

"Mister, we'd like to tell you because you don't seem to be against us so bad like most of 'em around here, but,—this is honest, Mister,—we don't know ourselves."

"Of course not; how could you know?" said the doctor cheerily. "I tell you," he cried springing to his feet, "that what the missing package contained was neither gold nor green-backs, it was worthless paper!"

The bandits stared at him open-mouthed. After a long pause one of them said:

"As long as you've found the package, we may as well own up to it, but what do you want coming here to make fun of us for stealing a lot of trash? How could we know there wasn't money in it? It was just like the other sack."

"To be sure, it was just like the other sack," repeated the doctor. "Well," he said to me, "we must be going."

As we walked away, he continued musingly:

"Let's see, this is Saturday; it is now ten o'clock. If we hurry we can catch the train to St. Paul. Our week is rather short, but it can't be helped."

I knew it would be useless to ask an explanation, so I asked none. As we passed the hotel, we secured our valises and left a message for the vice-president. Just as we went aboard the train he rushed up panting and joined us.

"Well, doctor," he puffed out, "I suppose the case is almost impossible, but—"

"By no means," interrupted the doctor, "the simplest thing in the world."

"Then why in the name of Pluto," broke out the irascible railroad man, "don't you find the money? Or, at least, make some attempt at finding it? I could have done as well myself as you have!"

"My dear sir, why didn't you?" answered the doctor calmly; "but, perhaps, you will feel better when I tell you that you will have the money before twenty-four hours have passed. By the way, have you a description of the contents of the missing package?"

"Pardon my rudeness," said the vice-president, "but I don't understand it at all. Yes, I have the description."

"Very well," said the doctor, and he mentioned the affair no more.

The rest of the ride was anything but pleasant, and we were all glad when the brakeman called out, "Next station is St. Paul."

As we were alighting the doctor said carelessly:

"By the way, on what train does your friend Simmons arrive in the city?"

"On this very train," answered the vice-president, "and there he is," pointing to a broad-shouldered young man who was signalling a hack.

"49 Water Street," we heard the young fellow say to the driver.

The doctor immediately hailed another hackman.

"Come on," he shouted to us. "49 Water Street, and hurry," he cried to the driver as we entered the carriage.

"Do you know whose address 49 Water Street is?" inquired the vice-president.

"Yes," replied the doctor, "it is the office of Fisbee, Williams & Co."

"Have either of you a pistol?" asked the doctor.

"Here is mine," said the vice-president, handing it to him.

"Thanks!" said the doctor. "Hope we shan't need it."

Just then the hack stopped, and as we got out of it, we saw Simmons entering the building before us. We followed him straight to Mr. Williams' private office. The boy, who knew the vice-president, showed us in without announcing us.

The broker and the mail-clerk turned and stared at us, dumfounded. Simmons was holding in his hand a package which he attempted to thrust into his pocket, when he saw us. The doctor bounded forward and struck it out of his hands. It fell to the floor with a crash which burst it open, and the yellow gold coins rolled out and glittered in the sunlight. Simmons struck savagely at the doctor who dodged the blow, and drew his pistol.

The sight of the weapon was enough for the mail-clerk; and he sank white and cowering into a chair with face buried in hands.

"What does this mean?" demanded the old broker sternly.

"It means, cried the doctor, that Mr. Robert Simmons has robbed the United States mail of thirty thousand dollars; and that this (pointing to the floor) is the money."

Never shall I forget the look of horror on the old man's face.

The vice-president was eagerly examining the package. When he arose he said:

"This is the money: I'm glad we've got it back, but my faith in human nature is shaken. Shall I call the police?"

"I think not," said the doctor, "the penalty for this crime is twenty years' imprisonment. We can afford to be merciful."

"As you will," rejoined the vice-president.

Simmons fell down and embraced the doctor's knees, while his old uncle wept. The vice-president gathered up the money, and we prepared to depart.

"Before we go, I should like to ask some questions in the presence of Mr. Simmons," said the vice-president.

"Very well," said the doctor, "I shall tell you what steps I took in solving this little problem, and if I have made any mistakes, Mr. Simmons will please correct me."

"In the same paper in which I read the account of the robbery, I also read an article concerning Fisbee, Williams and Co., from which I learned that they were badly in need of thirty thousand dollars. So forcibly did these two facts strike me, that I tried to connect them. I looked up Fisbee, Williams and Co., found that the newspaper article was true, and furthermore that Simmons and Mr. Williams are related. I at once suspected Simmons, but there was no evidence.

"Another circumstance, however, weighed heavily against him. He has a dear friend in the money-order department of the St. Paul post-office who could have told him that the money was to be sent that day, and described the packages to him. Didn't she do this, Simmons?"

"Yes," answered the mail-clerk.

"There was still a difficulty," continued the doctor. "The robbers admitted that they had taken both packages. I got them to acknowledge that one package was worthless; then the way was clear. I knew that as soon as Simmons arrived in St. Paul, he would come here to give his uncle the money which would avert bankruptcy; so I just acted accordingly. Are you all satisfied?"

"Why," I asked, "didn't the robbers state in the beginning that the missing package was worthless?"

"They probably did, and no one believed them. Or maybe it was their professional pride," answered the doctor. "Anyway, my Lady Nicotine is often potent when other means fail."

NOTRE DAME SCHOLASTIC

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The Board of Editors.

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REPORTERS.

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—The Commencement programme has been given out by the Faculty. It runs:

Commencement Oration—

The Right Reverend Thomas O'Gorman, Sioux Falls, South Dakota.

Baccalaureate Sermon—

Very Rev. Dean E. J. McLaughlin, A. B. '75, A. M. '95, Clinton, Iowa.

Bachelor Addresses—

Monroe Doctrine—George W. Burkitt, Texas.

Ship Subsidy Bill—Albert Krug, Ohio.

Governmental Control of Trusts—Francis C. Schwab, Pennsylvania.

Valedictory—Francis F. Dukette, Michigan.

Class Poem—Henry E. Brown, Ohio.

—On March 4 the Gaels of three continents gathered to honour the memory of a youthful hero, Robert Emmet. His body has been gathered to the elements but his spirit lives and moves in the hearts of his countrymen; not on account of the great deeds he has done, but for the manner in which he suffered and died. He loved men as an Assisi might with a high, pure, noble, sacrificing love. He had looked upon the smoking hovels of his native land, his countrymen murdered in cold blood, and his soul burned with indignation. He fought for honour, manhood, virtue; but he

was unsuccessful, as far as the worldly idea of success goes; and the curs in the city of Dublin licked up his blood as the executioner held up his gory head.

Time, which searches the memory of some men and tends to make them more mortal, deepens its breath of romance around his name. We can not think of him without admiring him; we can not know him without loving him. In far distant ages when men look to the heroes of these centuries as we now look back to a Plato or an Aristotle; when time alone has set up on their pedestals those that should be immortal, the lamp of Robert Emmet will shine out of the gloom bright and clear. His name will be conjured up by a people fighting against tyranny; his spirit will wander where breathes liberty and equality; his memory will grow in the hearts of the Gaels dearer with age.

—The reports sent in by the Professors of the Faculty Board of Control in athletics are such in the case of a few prominent members of the Track Team that these athletes will surely be suspended at the end of March from participation in all meets unless they attain the required standard in class-work. They have been warned individually, and if the University falls behind the place it should win this year in Western intercollegiate contests the blame will rest upon these weary youths. This note is published to urge them to exert themselves: there is no question whatever that the men will not be suspended if they do not get down to work at once.

—We are in receipt of a printed copy of a paper prepared by Mr. P. T. Barry of Chicago and read before the Illinois State Historical Society. In the introduction to his theme, which has for subject, "The First Irish in Illinois," the author sets out to show "the important part taken by the Irish element in the exploring, settling and development of the great West." Mr. Barry devotes only sixteen pages to the effort, yet he has succeeded admirably in accomplishing his task. He commences by taking us back to old colonial times when the feuds and friendships of whites and Indians made history. Even in those days there was a plenty of Irish in Illinois. In 1751 a chevalier McCarty commanded the first French fortress erected in the Mississippi Valley, and in

1768 came several companies of the Royal Regiment of Ireland. When the struggle for independence began, many Irishmen of Illinois volunteered their services, and again in the war of 1812 and the subsequent conflicts with the Indians and Mexicans the Irish distinguished themselves. Mr. Barry mentions the following names as being closely connected with the progress of the State: Carlin, the two Reynolds, Kenny, Ford, Kane, Shields, Ewing, McLaughlin, Mulligan, Medill and Ryan. The bearers of these names won prominence in the early professional and industrial life of Illinois and well earned their title to citizenship. All this of course is history, but it is history one seldom reads in these days of passing show, and which few have the ability to present in the manner done by Mr. Barry. He deserves the gratitude of every Irishman for his painstaking and research in doing justice to a race, who, whatever their faults, have been honourably identified with the growth of Illinois and the upbuilding of this great republic.

Definitions.

"A real definition," says Mr. Hill, "is an explanation in language simpler than the term defined, or in words that have already been defined." To go a little further, a definition must be restrictive, so that it conveys the correct meaning and no other. About one man out of a hundred can give a good definition. We notice this every day in the class-room. A professor asked a student to define alliteration. The young man said it is the repetition of the same consonants. "Well, then," said the professor, "'toll and roll' have like consonants and are they in alliteration?"

"Oh, no; the first consonants must be alike." The boy's definition was not restrictive, and far from the point, though its wording was simple enough. The difficulty in giving a good definition is also seen in the general terms that a man uses perhaps to cover his ignorance. Fine language, like charity, and obscure language at that, covers a multitude of defects. A barometer, as recently defined, is a contrivance for measuring atmospheric pressure. Change 'barometer' into 'gauge' and 'atmospheric' into 'steam' and a like definition is formed. For one obscurity caused by concrete expression, there are ten caused for want of it.

Why is it so difficult to define words

properly? Simply because the dictionary is neglected. We are forever using words that we know absolutely nothing about. We either have 'that tired feeling' when we meet a new word in a book, or we give ourselves the benefit of the doubt, and say we have a pretty fair idea of it. "Boys, sit on your dictionaries," a teacher used to say to his pupils, but he did not mean dictionaries that define one big word by a bigger one which in turn they define by the former. Fastidiousness means squeamishness and squeamishness means fastidiousness. This occurs in Worcester's Academic Dictionary.

Success in after life depends mainly on a practical knowledge of English. People are moved by the press or by speeches. The speaker or writer must know what his own words mean, or he can not make others understand him. The people, moreover, have to be told what certain things mean, and if the speaker can give them simple, clear and concise definitions, he at least makes them grasp his ideas and see the force of his arguments. Definitions are absolutely necessary sometimes. If right-minded men argue, they must argue to some purpose. They first define their proposition, or a special word in the proposition, and then if the dispute sprang simply from obscurity of terms it ends, thus preventing waste of wind, loss of time and ill-feeling.

G. J. M.

Another Great Victory.

NOTRE DAME, 47; WISCONSIN, 41.

Sixteen fleet-footed and well-trained athletes wearing the Cardinal of Wisconsin, classed by critics as one of the strongest teams in the West, and fresh from their victory of the week before over the strong University of Chicago team, were compelled to lower their colours to the ten sturdy wearers of the Gold and Blue in the Gymnasium last Saturday afternoon. The meet was a sensational one in many respects, and one of the most stubbornly fought contests ever held at Notre Dame. Each event was bitterly contested, and not until the last event was pulled off was the meet decided in Notre Dame's favour.

Everything necessary for the success of the affair was present. The gallery was filled with an enthusiastic crowd; the Gym tastefully decorated with flags, bunting and the colours of the two competing teams, and the track

was in perfect condition. The rooters were afforded an opportunity to cheer wildly several times during the afternoon, especially after the half mile. A new world's record was established in this event by Uffendell, who ran it in 2.01 3-5. In the 440-yard dash Gearin broke the former track record of 53 3-5 held by Corcoran, doing it in 53 2-5. Another new Invitation record was also established by Joe Sullivan in the pole-vault. All in all, the meet was the most successful ever pulled off at Notre Dame.

Staples started the rooters' cheering by winning the first event, the 40-yard dash by a good margin from Poage, Wisconsin's crack sprinter. As the men ran through the doorway after the finish of this race, Poage fell, and Gearin plunged headlong over him. Both runners were pretty badly shaken up, but escaped without any serious injuries, although Gearin was spiked on the ankles and wrist. As a result of this accident the 440-yard dash in which both men were entered, and which was to have been the next event, was postponed until later on, and the half mile run off.

The half mile was the great event of the day. Four men faced the starter, Uffendell and Steele of Notre Dame, and Breitzkreutz and Daniells of Wisconsin. As the gun sounded, Steele jumped to the lead, and for the first four laps set a terrific pace, the two Wisconsin runners and Uffendell following close behind. On the fifth lap "Billy" took the lead, Daniell's and Breitzkreutz right on his heels. Then began the spectacular part of the run. As the gun sounded for the last lap "Billy" started to sprint. Daniell's followed his example; but the pace set was too fast, and he gradually dropped behind. On the last hundred yards, however, Breitzkreutz set out to overtake Uffendell, and for a while looked dangerous, but the exertion proved too much for him, and "Billy" breasted the tape a winner in the phenomenal time of 2.01 3-5, and 1 2-5 seconds better than the previous world's record of 2.03. To Steele is due a great deal of credit for this fast time, as the pace set by him made it possible. Herbert was out of form in the 40-yard hurdles, and was unable to secure a place, but Hoover gallantly came to our rescue and secured first, two feet in advance of Saridakis.

In the first heat of the 220-yard dash, Staples finished yards ahead of Koch, the Badger representative, in 23 3-5, but the second heat went to Poage, the fleet-footed coloured man after a pretty contest with Herbert. The final

heat of this event between Staples and Poage was a fight from the start, Staples winning out in the last few yards by a great spurt.

The 440-yard dash proved to be a battle royal between Gearin of Notre Dame and Poage of Wisconsin. For three laps the two men ran even. As they rounded the first curve on the last lap, the Badger star sprinted to the front, but Gearin set after and overtook him, the two running breast to breast up to the last forty yards. Then Gearin put forth all his energy, and gradually passed his coloured rival, finishing three yards to the good. It was a grand race, and at the finish the spectators set up a cheer for both victor and vanquished that shook the walls of the gymnasium. The time made in this event breaks the track record by 1-5 of a second. It is also the same time as that made by Merrill at the A. A. U. Meet in Milwaukee Saturday night, and which the papers heralded as the world's indoor record.

In the two long distance events, the mile and the two mile, Wisconsin easily captured all the points. Jennings, Notre Dame's entry in the mile, a new man, stuck closely to the two Cardinal runners for eleven laps, but on the last lap he was unable to keep up with the pace set by them, and dropped behind. Kaecke won the event, Hahn a close second. The two mile run found Steele pitted against the two Wisconsin men, but the hard work done by Steele in the half mile told on him, and he was compelled to drop out at the end of the first mile. McEachron made a spectacular finish, sprinting the whole of the last lap.

The surprises of the meet came in the field events. The fun started in the shot put when Kirby hurled the sixteen pound ball thirty-nine feet eleven inches, almost two feet better than his best previous record. McCullough, a new man, also sprang a surprise in this event, securing second place by a beautiful put of thirty-eight feet,—inch. That Sullivan is one of our most reliable men, and able to do far better in competition than in practice, was again demonstrated last Saturday. The high jump had been conceded to Abbott, but Joe fought it out inch after inch with him, and finally compelled the Badgerite to content himself with a division of the points. Joe also won the pole vault in easy style, the other competitors dropping out at ten feet, four inches. The contest for second place between Hoover and Juneau was a pretty one. Both men fell at ten feet four inches, but in the jump off Juneau

cleared it. Hoover hurt his ankle in falling on his first trial and could not continue. The bar was then put up to eleven feet two inches for Sullivan to go after the world's record, but it was too dark for any effective work to be done and Joe withdrew after one trial.

The meet had now narrowed down to the last event, the running broad jump, with the score standing Notre Dame, 42, Wisconsin, 38. Things looked rather blue for us at this point, as Barrett our chief dependence in the event was unable to compete on account of sickness. Wisconsin's entries were both dangerous competitors with good records, while our men had had little or no practice. For Notre Dame to maintain her lead and win the meet, it was necessary to secure at least second place. Every jump of the competitors was watched with breathless anxiety, and not until the last jump was made, and it was announced that Kirby had secured first place by a brilliant jump of 21 feet, did the rooters commence to breathe freely.

40-yard dash—Won by Staples, Notre Dame; Poage, Wisconsin, second. Time, :04 5-8.

220-yard dash—Won by Staples, Notre Dame; Poage, Wisconsin, second. Time, :23 2-5.

40-yard hurdles—Won by Hoover, Notre Dame; Saridakis, Wisconsin, second. Time, :05 3-5.

440-yard dash—Won by Gearin, Notre Dame; Poage, Wisconsin, second. Time, :53 2-5. Breaks Notre Dame track record, :53 3-5.

880-yard run—Won by Uffendell, Notre Dame; Breitreutz, Wisconsin, second. Time, 2:01 3-5. Breaks world's indoor record of 2:03 held by Hayes of Michigan.

Mile run—Won by Keachie, Wisconsin; Hahn, Wisconsin, second. Time, 4:50 4-5.

Two-mile run—Won by McEachron, Wisconsin; Breitreutz, Wisconsin, second. Time, 10:31.

Shot put—Won by Kirby, Notre Dame; McCullough, Notre Dame, second. Distance, 39 feet 11 inches.

High jump—Abbott, Wisconsin, and Sullivan, Notre Dame, tied at 5 feet 7 inches.

Pole vault—Won by Sullivan, Notre Dame; Juneau, Wisconsin, second. Height, 10 feet 4 inches.

Broad jump—Won by Kirby, Notre Dame; Saridakis, Wisconsin, second. Distance, 21 feet.

Relay won by default by Notre Dame. Time, 3:51 3-5.

Score—Notre Dame, 47; Wisconsin, 41. J. P. O'R.

Exchanges.

The February number of the Blair Hall Breeze, published at Blairstown, New Jersey, is decidedly lacking in verse. In fact, the paper has but one bit and that is of an inferior quality. The opening story, "The Reformation of Williams" has a novel plot, but the characters of Williams and the college president are rather too violent. The "Hermitess of Long Pond Mountain" is a pretty sketch of a lone woman's life. However, the writer might have

cut down the introduction a bit. The character sketch of Lord Byron is very good. The author has made a very clever analysis of the poet's character.

The *University of Arizona Monthly* contains some very good essays. Without a doubt the best is Miss Ferrin's paper on "The Development of Nature as a Theme in English Poetry." The writer goes through the history of English song, and shows that all the great poets used nature in one way or another as a theme for their work. "The Casa Grande Ruins," another essay by Mr. Kirke Moore, is also well done. Unfortunately, the publication is sadly lacking in verse and fiction. There are but two bits of verse and they are copied from exchanges. There is not even a trace of fiction. A college paper that tries to hold the interest of its readers by essays alone will eventually fail. We are glad to see that the staff is trying to remedy this defect by offering prizes for good short stories.

The *Buff and Blue* of Gallaudet College, abounds with good work. "Memories" and "At Sunset Time" are both very good bits of verse. "The Sophomore's Valentine," a short story, is a very clever treatment of the traditional hatred of Sophomore and Freshman and what resulted therefrom. "The Complex Question," a dialogue, is well done, but the hero is a little too sentimental. The portrayal of the heroine, however, is better. None of the contributions are very long, but most of them make up in quality what they lack in quantity.

Another ever welcome visitor at our table is the *Red and Blue* of Pennsylvania. The paper has all those qualities that could be desired in a college publication. Perfect in every department, it fairly teems with verse, fiction and essays and none of them of inferior rank. The opening poem, "The Birthday of Washington," by S. Weir Mitchell, is an excellent tribute to the great Washington. "The Night Spirits," by Robert Thompson McCracken, is certainly original. It has a weirdness running through it, but nevertheless possesses a great deal of merit. Perhaps the prettiest bit in the whole collection is "An Ocean Lyric," by Herbert Weber. "Our Unpaced Record," a short story, is very clever. The action is rapid and the characters are well drawn.

A. L. K.

Personals.

—Mr. J. D. Coleman of Chicago visited his son Edward during the week.

—Mrs. W. A. Taprell of Chicago visited her sons at the University recently.

—Mr. M. M. Curraher of Seattle, Washington, visited friends at Notre Dame during the week.

—Mrs. R. T. McDermont of Dayton, Ohio, was recently the guest of her sons of St. Edward's Hall.

—Master F. Upman had the pleasure of a visit from his father, Mr. F. Upman of the Victoria Hotel of Chicago.

—Mrs. T. D. Ewart of Chicago visited Notre Dame recently to enter her son Durant as a student of St. Edward's Hall.

—The Rev. Father Oechtering of Mishawaka, and the Rev. Father Cullinan of Niles, paid Father Morrissey a brief visit last Wednesday.

—Mr. E. O'Bryan of Chicago visited his son Edward of St. Edward's Hall last week. Mr. O'Bryan is a well-known attorney in Chicago.

—Mr. and Mrs. F. W. Baude, accompanied by Mrs. E. Baude of Chicago, visited Master F. Baude of St. Edward's Hall during the week.

—Among the old students who came to Notre Dame for a visit during the past week was Mr. Chute of Marionette, Wisconsin. Mr. Chute received the degree of Bachelor of Arts at Notre Dame in 1894.

—Mr. Francis Corr (student '94-'97) is at present preparing for the stage at Washington, D. C. While at Notre Dame, Mr. Corr was a member of the University Stock Company, a society organized for the purpose of giving plays. He possessed great ability and took leading parts in most of the productions.

—Mr. Martin O'Shaughnessy ('00) came to Notre Dame for the meet with Wisconsin. It is needless to say that he received a warm welcome from both members of the Faculty and the students, for "Shag" was well liked by all who knew him. "Mart" was a member of our track team while here, and succeeded in capturing many a point for the old Gold and Blue.

—Another alumnus of Notre Dame has become very successful as a lawyer. Mr. J. V. O'Donnell, who was graduated here some years ago, was recently appointed Master in Chancery at Chicago. Since his graduation, Mr. O'Donnell has steadily worked his way to the front by earnest efforts. The judges before whom he has practised declare that his pleadings show the greatest care and preparation. As a man he is highly esteemed by all who know him. He is the second of Notre Dame's graduates to be appointed to this position during the past few years. The other is Mr. Sylvester J. Hummer.

A. L. K

Local Items.

—The series of games with Comiskey's "White Stockings" has been postponed from April 7 to April 14.

—In keeping with our old custom the students went to Holy Communion in a body on the first Friday of this month.

—Brownson Hall should have an excellent team this year. Nearly all the men that are trying for it have been Varsity candidates. Wm. Gerraghty has been elected temporary captain.

—It would be well for all those whose names are on the eligible list of athletes to keep close watch on their class-work. Three C's and the athlete will be compelled to bury his ambition for a few months.

—It would not be a bad idea if some of the Corby Hall students should take a few steps in the debating line. A grand opportunity now presents itself, and as we have several orators in our midst we might surprise them all by capturing the prize.

—MADISON, March 3.—The track team arrived yesterday from Notre Dame, and have nothing but praise for the courteous treatment they received while away. While acknowledging they were beaten fair and square, they still affirm that with their full team they would down the speedy Hoosiers.—*Chicago Inter-Ocean*.

—The Irish Historical Society met last Sunday on the main floor, Sorin Hall. Mr. MacDonough read a paper on the dress of the Ancient Irish. Needless to say the essay was well received. The next paper will be by Mr. Harte, who has chosen for his theme "Hugh O'Neill."

—Jimmy Sherry has been elected captain to lead the St. Joseph Hall nine this session. The battery in all probability will consist of Sherry and Leppert. Leppert has not as yet had an opportunity to show his ability in the box, but Sherry is a clever catcher, in fact, the best catcher on any of the hall teams.

—The following conversation was overheard the other day and bears publication.

Black to Thompson: "Why can't a fellow named Will ever be lost in the woods or anywhere?"

Thompson: "Why?"

Black: "Because wherever there's a will there's a way."

—In the 40-yard dash last Saturday, Gearin was injured, being badly spiked after he had fallen over Poage of Wisconsin. Nevertheless, Gearin ran the quarter mile shortly afterward, lowering the Varsity record from 53 3-5, held by Corcoran, to 53 2-5 seconds. Those are the kind of men we want: fellows that will work hard despite any injury.

—Next Saturday we shall meet Indiana and Purdue in a Triangular meet in the large gym.

That we should win there is no doubt. It is only a question of how many points we shall score. The dashes, hurdles, runs and the shot put should go to us. This meet will give us a line on the strength of the teams we will have to meet in Terre Haute next June.

—Norwood Gibson, better known as "Gibby," who was our star pitcher for four years, has signed a contract to pitch for Kansas City this year. Another man that is to enter the athletic line is our popular athlete, "Studie" Lins. "Studie" has a two-year contract with Penn College, Iowa, to coach its football team during the ball seasons of 1902-1903.

—A great deal of credit is certainly due to Coach Butler's method of training his team. The men have been at hard work since early in January; they have been in three hard meets, but yet none of them have gone stale. Besides we have not the "Charley hosses" we experienced in former years. This certainly speaks well for the ability of the coach.

—"The nearest way to a man's heart" is through his stomach, says the diplomat; "and the best philosophy is that of the heart," says the charitable man. Stomach, heart and philosophy will unite in a happy combination next Tuesday when the philosophers celebrate St. Thomas' feast-day. And the end of the feast will be marked by that happy way Father Fitte has of ending all such affairs.

—In the future, band rehearsals will be on Tuesday and Saturday evenings; orchestra rehearsals on Thursday and Sunday afternoons. The choir will attend the orchestra rehearsals. In addition, there will be a special band rehearsal next Tuesday; 3 p. m. It is the intention of the authorities to have all the singing done by the congregation; so we look to the students to make use of the University hymn books that are in each seat.

—To-night our relay team and half miler will be fighting for supremacy in St. Louis. But five men will represent us—Gearin, Staples, Kirby, Herbert and Uffendell. Gearin will be entered in the quarter mile; Kirby the shot put; Herbert the hurdles; Uffendell the half mile and Staples the dashes. The points will be well divided among the different teams. So Notre Dame with any turn of luck should be able to capture the meet. We will likewise meet the Illinois squad of ten men.

—Notre Dame may meet Wisconsin again this year. This is not practically decided, but it is expected that we shall send a team to compete in an outdoor meet some time in May at Madison. Coach Kilpatrick is very desirous of having us come, and the meet is not unpopular with the track team. An outdoor meet would better measure the strength of both teams. It is true that Wisconsin would have a shade the better of us in two events, the high jump and the broad jump with the

entrance of Schule, but then we could less n this advantage by limiting the number of competitors to twelve men for each team.

—Much credit is due to those in charge of the gymnasium during the meet for the tasteful and artistic way in which the walls were draped with flags and streamers. Close to the gallery hung the many banners we have won during our four years in track athletics. These, together with the decorations, brought forth many laudatory comments from the visitors. The athletic management is to be congratulated upon the stand it took in keeping all but competitors and officials off the floor. However, a suggestion that a new tape be got would not here be out of place.

—Debating has become very popular at the University. At all times and in nearly all places can be seen the youthful Demosthenes fanning the wind and growing eloquent over personal property and octopus issues. Go down to the lake and you find an orator, Demosthenes like, haranguing the fishes, who stare on in wide-eyed, open-mouthed wonder; look toward the flag pole, and you find a half a dozen Cicero's dropping their limpid words of eloquence as Old Glory fans them gently; go over and around the gym and on your ears fall the harmonious, musical words of some youthful prodigy, as his thoughts take fire. Verily, Notre Dame has become the abode of eloquent youths.

—St. Edward's Hall held its first handicap meet Thursday, the Specials against the second team. The Specials won by a score of 45 to 20. Captain Rousseau capturing two firsts for his team. The surprise of the day was Upman's winning the hurdles from Fox. John Berteling established a new record in the pole vault by clearing 7 feet.

SUMMARIES:

40-yard dash—First, H. Fox; second, E. Rousseau (S.); W. Kasper (2d), third. Time, 5 4-5.

40-yard hurdles—First, W. Upman (2d) and W. Gasman (2d); H. Fox (S.), third. Time, 7 4-5 s.

220-yard dash—First, T. McDermont (S.); second, H. Creveling (2d); third, D. Randle (S). Time, 29 4-5 s.

Shot-put—First, T. McDermont (S); second, W. Purdy (2d); third, J. Quinlan. Distance, 26 ft. 11 in.

Half-mile run—P. Randle and T. McDermont tied for first; third, L. Weist (2d). Time, 2:41.

Broad jump—First, E. Rousseau (S); second, H. Fox (S); third, B. Mulligan (S). Distance, 15 ft. 1 in.

Pole vault—First, F. Baude, 2 ft. handicap; second, J. Berteling (S); third, C. McFarland. 7 ft. 6 in. with handicap.

High jump—First, E. Rousseau and J. Lynch (S); third, H. Fox. Height, 4 ft. 1 in.

—Father Kirsch delivered an intensely interesting lecture on geology in the law room Tuesday night; the room was packed. After an introduction setting forth the theories of Kant, Laplace and others on the universe, Father Kirsch by means of lantern slides traced the different formations of the earth; the animals that lived and died during each period with their gradual development into a higher

species as generation followed generation. Many of the slides were beautiful things, especially those dealing with the war between the waters and land for supremacy and finally the appearance of plant life upon the earth. This lecture is an introduction to a series of lectures. Colonel Hoynes will deliver on the subject of mining laws.

—The completed baseball schedule is out. The team has the hardest schedule before it, it has ever known. Three trips will be taken, a state, a northwest and a northern trip. Those three should try our men to the fullest. We are pretty sure of winning the Indiana State Championship, but the other games will be tough ones. Captain Lynch gave his team the first real out-door practice Thursday morning.

THE SCHEDULE.

April 14 to 19—Chicago White Stockings at Notre Dame and South Bend.

" 24—Wisconsin at Notre Dame.

" 25—Wabash at Notre Dame.

" 29—Indiana at Bloomington.

" 30—De Pauw at Greencastle.

May 1—Wabash at Crawfordsville.

" 2—Purdue at Lafayette.

" 6—Indiana at Notre Dame.

" 9—Nebraska at Notre Dame.

" 17—Knox at Notre Dame.

" 19—Minnesota at Minneapolis.

" 20—Minnesota at Minneapolis.

" 21—Wisconsin at Madison.

" 22—Beloit at Beloit.

" 23—Monmouth at Monmouth.

" 24—Knox at Galesburg.

" 28—Kalamazoo at Kalamazoo.

" 29—Albion at Albion.

" 30—Detroit at Detroit, two games.

June 5—Minnesota at Minneapolis.

" 7—Purdue at Notre Dame.

—He comes from the Gas Belt and is one of our most popular athletes. He looked at his yellow hair and concluded that the tangled locks needed trimming. So he went into a barber shop where the loquacity of the barber was proverbial. "I am tired," he said to the father of the scissors, "and I wish that you would not talk to me." The barber looked at him in that peculiar way that seemed to resent our friend's request. Then he sharpened his razor with an energy that made the victim's blood tingle. He reached for a scissors and began to work. But he had said nothing thus far. The man of the yellow locks peeked into the looking-glass; he saw the barber's lips puckered and an ugly gleam in his eye. He began to think that his words had insulted the barber and that the latter might cut him; he thought that he had best square himself. "By the way, old man, I meant no harm when I said I was tired," he began, but the barber never answered him. Instead an ugly frown was settling on his face and he was using his scissors in what appeared to be a careless fashion. "You see," our friend continued, when a fellow strikes this kind of a chair he doesn't want to be bothered." But this effort brought forth no response. Our

friend lapsed into silence. The barber once or twice opened his mouth as if he were going to say something, but not a word came forth. He did not ask how long our friend was in town, whether or not he lives there or in the college. He did not ask him if he did sentinel duty on the bridge, armed to the waist. He never told him that his scalp was in poor condition; that he needed a shampoo; that Coke's "Dandruff Cure" would do him a wonderful amount of good. He did not even suggest that he had seen him on Main Street with one of his thirteen-year old pupils. No; he said nothing, but went to get his razor. Our friend now began to get remorse of conscience, especially so when the razor was in the barber's hand. "You are not sore, old man, I hope," he said, as the barber approached, razor in hand. I would not offend you for the world." But the barber only frowned. "Oh! no; you won't use that razor on me," said our friend, as he arose in the chair. But the barber pointed to a card that he had hung upon the wall and our friend read, "I am deaf and dumb."

—There is a very unhappy little fellow in Sorin Hall—no other than Brassband. To use a common expression, "Who would have thought it?" Yet, his misfortune does not entitle him to pity. Poor little Brassband's heart thumps on his ribs like a sledge-hammer at the thought of the secret becoming public. His brain sickens and his bosom labours to be delivered of the weight that presses upon it. With tears and burning blushes he has requested the wise ones not to say anything about it. He even went so far as to bet a dollar that it was another fellow. But out it must. Brassband, as his name would suggest, is a member of a certain band, and attends rehearsal one evening in a week—at least he is supposed to. Not long ago, according to his custom, Brassband started off to rehearsal accompanied by his coronet. On his way he met a very dear friend, who addressed him something like this: "Why, you sweet little cherub, you're just the boy I wish to see! Miss So-an-So is going to give a reception this evening and I want you to come with me." Brassband hesitated. Duty told him that he was subject to certain rules and regulations. Inclination whispered in his heart that infringement is only punishable if the infringement is known, and told him that no one would be likely to meet or know him at the dance. Inclination was powerful—the will was weak—discovery improbable—gratification certain. Brassband went to the dance. But the man who thinks people travel on his name and a few others were present, and Brassband's presence at the ball became known to the public at large. Cheer up, Brassband! It was only an accident which might happen to the most innocent of mankind.